

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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TOBER CIRCULATION 54,744

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss: Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that the average circulation for the month of October, 1915, was 54,744.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 24 day of November, 1915. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as requested.

November 25 Thought for the Day Selected by Pearl Macomber

There's no defeat, in truth, save from within: Unless you've beaten there, you're bound to win. —Henry Austin.

If you can't do more, at least give thanks.

From the standpoint of the repair shop the flying machine is a scream.

Persia is getting the Belgium treatment, but the medicine bottle bears a different label.

For the survivors of the turkey family the four weeks of Christmas will pass furiously fast.

From its very beginning Omaha was a mighty good musical town, and more so now than ever.

Presumably some heavenly mansions reserved for Aurora people are also exhibiting "fort" signs.

It can't be possible that "Johnny" Maher's typewriter battery has been permanently silenced by enemy shrapnel.

Make it a day of real thankfulness. Peace and plenty impose the obligation and gratitude calls for fulfillment.

Britain's capital wealth is officially placed at \$130,000,000,000. The size of the mortgage awaits the finish of the war.

On the same theory Colonel Bryan would object to a city paying out more, for example, for its police department than for street sprinkling.

The message of gratitude which today ascends from unselfish souls bears to the Throne of Grace a petition for mercy, and peace for a warring world.

The primary date is set four months ahead, giving interested spectators ample time to size up the racers and pick a winner. Dark horses are not barred.

Old world war horrors might be dispensed with and not be missed. Neutral news supplies a sufficiency of shocks and thrills for the average reader of current events.

That revival at Aurora may be put down as an unqualified success, since it has produced more local rancor and wrangling than did even "Billy's" own here in Omaha.

Wonder if it would make any difference if our Nebraska primary law exacted a filing fee on petitions to put the name of a presidential candidate on the ballot instead of opening that column free gratis for nothing?

It seems to us that our local democratic contemporary is extracting more glee out of "Brother Charley's" woe as mayor of Lincoln than it possibly could had the same troubles beset an official on its list as a "hated republican."

With the Liberty Bell back in Philadelphia our Fourth of July celebration is again safe, notwithstanding Colonel Bryan's one-time prediction that the glorious Fourth would vanish from the earth if President McKinley were re-elected.

Thirty Years Ago This Day in Omaha

At the residence of Mr. Guy C. Barton the marriage of Mr. Harry F. Rollins and Miss Jessie F. Barton was solemnized by Dean Millspeugh. Mr. Rollins is the junior member of the grain firm of McWhorter & Rollins, and the bride is an accomplished young lady. A reception followed the ceremony.

The first annual ball of Omaha Typographical union was held at Cunningham's hall, with over 100 couples in attendance. Not a line of "time copy" was run out, no one "sogered," and not a man was caught "chasing the book." Master of ceremonies was Charles Williams, and arrangement committee, W. A. Hunkler, Lewis Madson, W. P. Coe, J. R. Lewis, W. G. Cummins, A. H. Chislow.

Alfred Schroeter and wife left for Germany, where they will pass a few months.

Miss Allie Bean, the obliging cashier at Tyrrell & Cook's shoe store, left to visit friends in the west, where she will attend a double wedding of two of her cousins.

A second social party of the Apollo club was given at Light Guards hall with George J. Sternatorf, A. J. Eaton, F. H. Kosters and A. E. Cook, the committee in charge.

Robert R. and John B. Ringwalt of this city received the sad news of the death of their mother, Mary B. Ringwalt, at Detroit.

Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving day, our own peculiar holiday, is here again and we have exceptional reason once more to be thankful that this nation has not been embroiled in the terrible conflict at arms still waging in Europe.

A year ago we all congratulated ourselves and expressed our deep-felt thankfulness that the ominous war, if it had to come, had broken far from our borders, and we were expectant of the early arrival of the time when peace negotiations might be begun with our offer of mediation inspiring the belief that our country might be of service in bringing about this desired result. While our hopes of restored peace have been grievously disappointed, we continue happily in the position of neutrality, and the possibility remains that the good offices of the United States may yet be availed of in the peace-making.

With the dread war spectacle absorbing such universal attention, the many other blessings which the people of this country have enjoyed in consequence of remaining at peace seem of minor importance, yet they are real and tangible and so generally realized as not to require enumeration.

To be a citizen of ancient Rome used to be the highest ambition and boast, and to be a citizen of the United States today means more than it ever did, and more, in rights and responsibilities than citizenship of any other country on the face of the globe. Every true American citizen, above all, must be thankful that he is a citizen of this great and foremost republic.

Nothing Contradictory There.

The personal organ of our democratic senator conjures up a something "somewhat contradictory" in the statement promulgated by John L. Kennedy outlining his candidacy for the senatorial succession. It wants him to "explain how we are to 'expand our foreign trade' after we have enacted high tariffs that will prevent the introduction of foreign goods into this country," and asks further, "How are the people of foreign nations to pay for our goods if we refuse to import as well as export cannot long engage in foreign trade at all?"

But the explanation is as simple as A B C. It is merely a question whether we shall import goods from cheap labor countries in competition with what could be produced here by well paid labor, or import from those countries the raw material for our manufacturers, and other articles which do not deprive our wage-earners of their legitimate work.

Never fear, there are plenty of things we want, made in Europe and South America and in the Orient, and all over the world, that we cannot produce at all and which they are ready to exchange for our products if the conditions of trade are mutually beneficial. We had a protective tariff almost continuously for fifty years, during which our foreign trade continued to increase steadily, for the very reason that we thus developed our own industrial resources and talents; otherwise we would still be an almost wholly agricultural country, sending abroad the yield of farm, forest and mine, and importing the same materials back in their manufactured form.

No, there is no contradiction there at all. Building up our home industries also builds up our foreign trade and alone can make us the effective factor in world commerce we want to be.

Get the Money Back.

It is quite flattering to our state pride to have the state treasurer tell us he has had inquiries from capitalists eager to invest in Nebraska bonds and offering to loan us their money at an interest rate of 3% per cent. This is assuming that the capitalist has real money and is in earnest and is not relying on the common knowledge that we have no state bonds on the market and are barred by our constitution from issuing any. Nebraska, however, has a lot of its trust funds invested in securities of other states which it would be good business to dispose of and to reinvest the proceeds in bonds of our own cities, counties and school districts, for use in developing our own resources, and meeting the needs of our own people. It was a grievous mistake in the first place to invest any part of the public school endowment in bonds of far-away states like Tennessee, Virginia, Idaho and Massachusetts, for the benefit of the people of those states, when we in Nebraska are still inviting foreign capital to come here. If the bond market is reaching a point where these long-distance trust fund securities can be disposed of without loss and the money brought back again and put to work at home we should take advantage of the situation, for in no other way can we secure the fullest returns from our money.

Overselling Steel Production.

In their eagerness for profitable contracts abroad it is now apparent that American steel manufacturers have oversold the producing capacity of the country and home consumption must wait. In every line of industry demanding steel, domestic consumers are experiencing difficulty in obtaining anything approaching prompt delivery and from Washington comes the news that construction of naval vessels for which bids were just received cannot be commenced until next summer. Spurred on by the great increase in traffic the railroads are placing orders for large amounts of equipment, increasing the un-supplied orders and to complicate the situation further industries whose demands for steel products are continuous are ordering largely for the future to protect themselves against increasing prices and possible failure to obtain the goods when they are really wanted. While no one begrudges any legitimate property that has come to the steel industry it is unfortunate that the domestic demand should not have the first call, for while steel workers are going overtime to fill foreign orders, other American workers must be left idle for lack of material with which to work or by prices for steel which check domestic industry.

The question of preparedness strongly appeals to parents at this time. During the next four weeks attacks will develop on every quarter and bombardments increase in fury until the candles flicker on the Christmas trees. The nation, with its vast resources, is privileged to "dig in," but the dads are obliged to stand in the open and "dig up."

Forty thousand fatalities and 2,000,000 accident injuries in American industries in a year constitutes an appalling record of avoidable carelessness. Safety progress has been notable in recent years, but much remains to be done by employers and workers to minimize industrial slaughter and maiming.

First Proclamation for Thanksgiving

THAT the last Thursday in November will be set aside by the President for a day of thanksgiving and a general holiday is always taken for granted because of the yearly repetition of this act since 1863. The most of us who read the newspaper announcement of the day chosen have little idea of the complicated processes involved in the issuance of the annual proclamation.

When Governor Bradford issued the first Thanksgiving proclamation, he simply announced on November 19, 1621, that December 13, 1621, would be observed throughout the Plymouth Colony as a day of Thanksgiving. He also appointed four men to "go forth" and that they might, after a more special manner, rejoice together.

This was a most simple ceremony which contrasted with the weight of detail and labor which accompany the issuance of the proclamation of today. Formality has been added to formality through the many years of the observance of the custom with the result that the present method of giving this document to the public is a very serious and high ceremony.

The president's task is no easy one—to say in new words, or in another manner what has been said so well and fittingly so many times before. But once the exact form has been decided upon and dictated to a stenographer a copy is made and sent to the State department. Here one of the clerks who make a specialty of artistic penmanship engrosses it upon parchment and it then returns to the White House to receive the president's signature. Then it travels back to the State department, where the signature of the secretary of state attests that of the president, and the great seal of the State department is then affixed.

Afterward copies of the document are written out—typed—by clerks of the State department. The long sheets of blue paper used for official correspondence and sent to each governor of the states and territories, who in turn makes a proclamation of his own.

But in the meantime the proclamation of the president has been made public and the people all over the country know what day has been chosen for Thanksgiving.

The first Thanksgiving day proclamation ever issued by a president was signed by George Washington in 1789, and was made by request of both houses of congress through their joint committee. The text of this elaborate proclamation following the preamble is:

"Now, therefore, I do recommend and assign Thursday, the 30th day of November next, to be devoted by the people of these states to the service of that great and glorious Being, who is the beneficent author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be. That we may then all unite in rendering unto Him our sincere and humble thanks for His kind care and protection of the people of this country previous to their becoming a nation; for the signal and manifold mercies and the favorable interpositions of His providence in the course and conclusion of the late war; for the great degree of tranquility, union and plenty which we have since enjoyed; for the peaceable and rational manner in which we have been enabled to establish constitutions of government for our safety and happiness, and particularly the national one now lately instituted; for the civil and religious liberty with which we are blessed, and the means we have of acquiring and diffusing useful knowledge, and in general for all the great favors which He hath been pleased to confer upon us.

"And also that we may then unite in most humble offerings our prayers and supplications to the Great Lord and Ruler of nations, and beseech Him to pardon our national and other transgressions; to enable us all, whether in public or private stations, to perform our several and relative duties properly and punctually; to render our national government a blessing to the people by constantly being a government of wise, just and constitutional laws, directly and faithfully executed and obeyed; to protect and guide all sovereigns and nations (especially such as have shown kindness to us), and to bless them with good government, peace and concord; to promote the knowledge and practice of true religion and virtue, and the increase of science among them and us; and generally to grant unto all mankind such a degree of temporal prosperity as He alone knows to be best.

"Given under my hand at the city of New York, the third day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

Twice Told Tales

Had Seen Her Before. Three women met on an uptown elevated station in New York. "Well, I declare," all chorused. The last arrival was asked if she, too, was bound for the shopping district, the destination of the other women. "No, indeed," she quickly replied. "I'm going to my husband's office. He just telephoned me he had left an important letter at home, and asked me to bring it to him. He's the most absent-minded man I ever met." "He isn't any worse than my husband," chimed in one of the other women. "Doctor is so forgetful at times that he frequently goes off without his medical portfolio." "Well," spoke up the third woman, "my husband beats that. John, as you know, is a traveling man." He has been away a month this time. He came home the other day and patted me on the cheek and said: 'I believe I've seen you before, little girl, at some place, at some time. What is your name?'—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Strategy in Training. At one of the English military camps some recruits were being put through the riding test. One man didn't know much about horses, but trusted to luck to get through. He had not properly adjusted his saddle, and on mounting he swung, saddle and all, right under the horse's body between its legs, where he was suspended for a few seconds.

"Hi, there!" called the noncom, in derision, "call that riding, do you?" "Oh, no, sergeant," was the instant answer, "that's a new trick for the Dardanellas. Riding under here's fine protection from the sun."—London Tit-Bits.

People and Events

A Philadelphia wife alleges as ground for divorce that her husband scolded her because she spent "fifteen cents for a taxi." Dollars, probably. Fifteen cents wouldn't buy a look-in.

One of the old-time sports of New York, Peter De Lacy, known as the "pool room king," is dead at the age of 71. Gambling on horse racing was his trade, and he made a pile of money out of it, but the police so harassed him in behalf of rivals that he joined the anti-gambling crowd and helped them put horse racing out of business in the state. His fortune is estimated at \$1,000,000, mostly in real estate.

A recruiting sergeant at Windsor, opposite Detroit, mustered in a volunteer with an unusual pedigree. The applicant's father was English, his mother Irish; he was born on the ocean, four days out from France, on a ship flying the Spanish flag and bound for the United States, where he grew to manhood. What was his nationality? The sergeant enrolled him as a Britter because of the place of his birth, on the ground that Britannia rules the waves. Professors of international law occasionally obtain snooty points from novices.

Like a fresh breeze off the lake, he blew into Chicago from Kansas, bound for Brazil as agent of an American packing company. With the cheery confidence of his kind he made known to strangers practicing at the bar a desire to become a Mason, as his father was before him. Could it be arranged? Sure thing. The strangers steered him to a quiet back room, put him through a few mild stunts, a fraternal embrace and a password of four-syllable words. Coming out of the trance the Kansas gave a good imitation of the holler of a pinched bootlegger. The initiation cost him \$20 and a meerschaum pipe.



Death from Rattle Snake.

PORTLAND, Me., Nov. 23.—To the Editor of The Bee: I was very much interested in the letter you sent me in regard to death from a rattlesnake bite. As you will see by reference to my article, I qualified my statement that I had never yet succeeded in getting a properly authenticated case of death of human beings from rattlesnake bite, by the exception of one case in a child. In fact, I should have said, to make my position perfectly clear, a death of any adult human being from rattlesnake bite; as I have had several reports, apparently well authenticated—though none of them with any medical or other expert scientific verification—of death in children.

Since then, I have received several reports of apparently authenticated cases of death from rattlesnake bite, which, though none of them were supported by any medical testimony, I should be willing to accept as fairly authentic, because, curiously enough, every one of them is in a child or very young boy or girl. As I have elsewhere said several times, the average rattlesnake has venom enough to kill an animal up to about thirty or forty pounds weight. And I should think it quite possible that a bite from a large rattler, especially on the naked foot or leg or hand, might prove fatal in a child; although I should make the mental reservation as to how much of the fatal depression was due to the customary treatment with huge doses of alcohol.

WOODRIDGE HUTCHINSON.

Knockers Everywhere.

DANNEBERG, Neb., Nov. 23.—To the Editor of The Bee: I see by a little editorial item in The Bee today that you claim that "Germany is not airing its political linen for foreign inspection. Unlike Great Britain, Germany has more important business on hand and has no time for home knockers." Is it possible that you think Germany has not home knockers? If so, why? In my opinion only this, they lose their lives or newspapers or go at once to the front. Do you approve of that kind of government? The Germans are the worth "home knockers" in this country. Yours truly, THOMAS RITCHIE.

Editorial Siftings

Washington Star: Bryan will be opposed by Champ Clark. The news interests, but does not surprise.

Indianapolis News: How time does fly! Here's the postmaster urging us to mail our Christmas packages early again.

Detroit Free Press: William Waldorf Astor's taxes in England have risen to \$1,000,000 a year in consequence of the war in Europe. How he must long for the land of the free!

Washington Post: One occasionally meets a man of such a clinging disposition as to revive interest in the old charge that appendicitis doctors often sew up a sponge inside.

Philadelphia Ledger: The request of England, France and Russia to China to join their alliance "to keep the peace in the east" is a little like swearing in a babe-in-arms as a special deputy for strike duty.

Chicago Herald: Under the aegis of three hours' work with saw and ax for supper, lodging and breakfast, with a bath thrown in, the advance guard of Chicago's usual winter "army of unemployed" is shown to be composed very largely of men who have enlisted, at least for the time being, in the "I Won't Work" regiment.

Baltimore American: The Chicago university has thirty-three men who are human replicas of the Apollo Belvedere. In the present disintegration over deficiencies it will be interesting to watch the career of the perfect specimens to find if they can serve any more use to society than to emulate matinee idols. So far the Apollos have not figured conspicuously either among the geniuses or the heroes.

New York World: The proposed eugenic marriage law advocated in New Jersey by health officials provides that "in the case of persons going out of the state to escape its consequences their marriage shall be void." This seems to be a considerable step in advance of previous eugenic marriage legislation. Can it be supposed that the law would accomplish a benefit in any degree equal to the harm that might be effected by this nullifying restriction? Tampering with marriage does not improve it.

Tips on Home Topics

Detroit Free Press: "Do the common things well," says John D. Rockefeller, Jr. But they're protesting that they've been done too much already.

Pittsburgh Dispatch: So far, Justice Hughes continues to be the only one to make affidavit that he is not a candidate and will not be. In the case of some no affidavit is needed.

Washington Post: It doesn't necessarily follow that the man who began as a water boy and now controls \$15,000,000 worth of steel stock, has entirely abandoned his youthful trade.

Philadelphia Ledger: The refusal of T. R. to lead 12,000 Canadians against the Germans is just another proof of the truth of the old French proverb which almost runs: "If youth had the chance, if age had the nerve!"

Washington Star: The Nebraskans who insisted on making Justice Hughes a presidential candidate probably fail to understand how any man could be indifferent to a distinction which Mr. Bryan has so ardently sought.

Boston Transcript: The greatest mystery in connection with the unpatriotic tirades of Representative Warren Worth Bailey is how a democrat happened to be selected to congress from Pennsylvania in the first place.

Indianapolis News: In addition to the other great profits derived from big foot ball games, the movie is now on the job, and the Harvard-Yale game was before the film. If this sort of thing keeps up, Big Business will have to take over the institution.

Baltimore American: It is said that Justice Charles E. Hughes will give his Nebraska friends a strong hint to stop mention of him as a presidential candidate. But Nebraska ought not to be discouraged in its presidential activities. It ought to know by this time that there are others, and in a Barkie state of mind at that.

INES TO A LAUGH.

Scrubby-Faced Individual—Can I get trusted for a shave in this joint. If you can't raise a dime, you'll keep on raising whiskers.—Boston Transcript.

"That man looks as if he had something on his mind." "Yes," replied Miss Cayenne; "but his conversation doesn't sound that way. He is a walking optical illusion."—Washington Star.

The sick man had just come out of a long delirium. "Where am I?" he said, feebly, as he felt the loving hands making him comfortable. "Where am I?" "In heaven!" "No, dear," cooed his devoted wife. "I am still with you."—Kansas City Journal.

"Loyalty certainly provoked me the other day." "How so?" "Just when I asked her to take a good look at young Ligina, she dropped her eyes."—Baltimore American.

KABIBBLE KABARET DEAR MR. KABIBBLE, IS IT TRUE THAT BEAUTIFUL WOMEN AS A RULE MARRY HOMEY MEN? I'M WILLING TO LOOK LIKE JAMES K. HACKETT AND TAKE A CHANCE

"I've been robbed in that hospital," shouted the looney ex-patient as he met a policeman. "Who robbed you and what did they take?" asked the policeman. "Why, one of the orderlies took my watch and all the doctors took my temperature."—Baltimore American.

Teacher—What is the difference between the sun and the moon? Pupil—Please, sir, the sun's bigger and healthier looking than the moon because he goes to bed earlier.—Chicago Herald.

"Husband!" "What is it?" "I am sure that young fellow in the parlor is holding daughter's hand." "I call that a wise maneuver. She can't possibly play the piano as long as he keeps that up."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"What became of that man who said he was going to be a candidate?" "His opponents made him change his route," replied Senator Scroggum. "He started by running for office and ended by running for cover."—Washington Star.

"Is the pen really mightier than the sword?" "Nix," answered the bard addressed. "And it won't be until poets get pensions."—Puck.

THE MODERN THANKSGIVING.

In days gone by, old Father Time trusted for a shave up life's hill we onward climb. Has wonders worked, in a modern way, But gives us still Thanksgiving Day.

We love the shouts of girl and boy. We hail the pumpkin pie with joy. The happy hearts are young and gay. Nor stop to think of the modern way.

As off to grandpa's house they go. The roads are fine. No need of snow. We hear "Honk! Honk!" as forth they away. In pleasant weather—the modern way.

'Tis smiling grandmas at the door. The kindly face we love, adore. We hear "Honk! Honk!" at the threshold lay. We welcome glad Thanksgiving day.

We step inside, and there behold The progress of the times retold. The turkey has its part to play. We drink to health, and the modern way.

I know not what the future brings. But I suppose it's marvelous things. The wealth and riches make us gay. But let's go back, Thanksgiving Day.

To time, when winter's frost and chill, With snow piled high, I love it still. The good old fashioned horse and sleigh Were in those days the modern way.

The old horse stood not far from town. The turkey baked, were crisp and brown. And mother dear taught us to say, O Lord! we're grateful for this day. Omaha. MRS. MAUDE KELLEY.

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